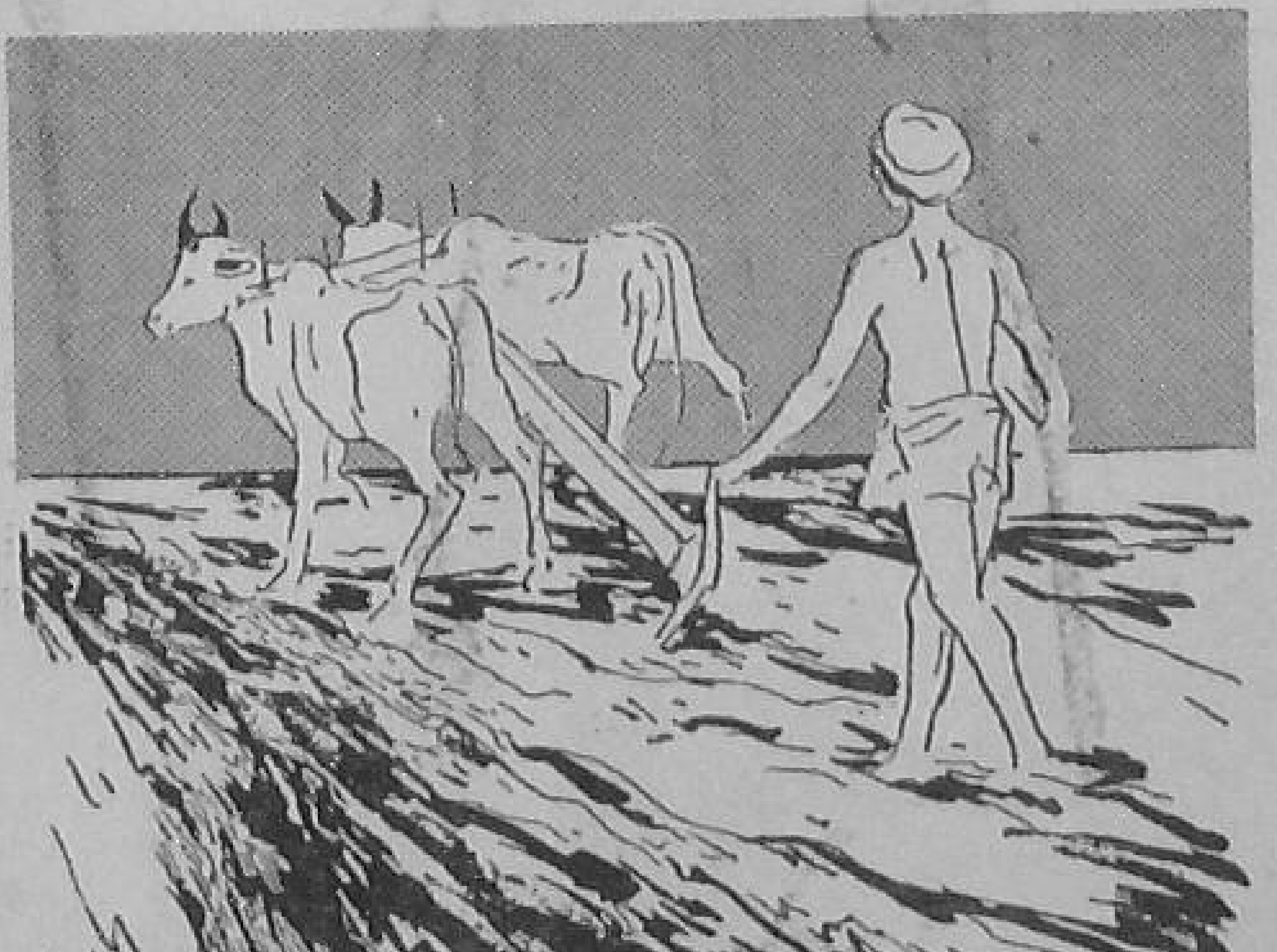
GRAM SEVAK

MARCH 1957

BASIC AGRICULTURAL TRAINING SCHOOL
1 - MAY 1957
PATTUKKOTTAI

Villagers engaged in Community Development Work

THIS YEAR is a significant one in our long and chequered national history. It marks the 2500th anniversary of the passing of the Buddha. It marks the 200th anniversary of the battle of Plassey that brought the rule of England over India. It marks the 100th anniversary of the gallant but ill-fated attempt on the part of the Indian army to throw off the British yoke. Above all, it constitutes the 10th anniversary of the dawn of India's independence and restoration of the Indian flag to its proud and respected place, both within and without the country. *(From a Convocation address by Dr V. K. R. V. Rao at Patna University.)*



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मज़दूर मंज़िल
ग्राम सेवक

GRAM SEVAK

Vol. 3 MARCH 1957 No. 7

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OUR VILLAGE

OUR VILLAGE has today a new public building. It is not a temple, not a zamindar's house—which we used to take for a public building—and it is not either the Local Fund Office which has the work of collecting taxes. It is the School which our villagers have built with the help of the Community Project workers. We take a special pride in this new building though it is only a Primary School. We never had a School like this before in any of the villages nearby in our living memory. We never had any use for such schools in this form. For in the old days men and women had their work allotted to them by society and schools never figured prominently in small villages. We are, therefore, proud of having the School now in our midst. Our village has taken on a new look because our children play round the School and don't have to walk a long way to distant villages in search of schools.

We do not feel that by putting up a school building we have done something very great. The credit for raising the building really goes to the boys and girls of this village who collected the money by staging one-act plays at the very door step of every householder in this village. Our village school teacher does a grand job. It is not only the school building which has brought us new life; it is the approach road which brought the Community Development workers to begin their programme with us. The approach road too took many months to come into proper shape. We do not feel now so lonely as we used to do. We find a market for some of our products and we are able to get medical aid and higher education in the nearby towns. The approach road has made us familiar with many new faces. The Gram Sevak, the Social Education Organizer and even the Block Development Officer has paid us frequent visits, given us encouragement and infused in us a new faith. But for the approach road these workers may not have cared to give us the help and encouragement.

All over the country we hear things are moving rapidly and in the village new methods of work are being adopted. It is the purpose of this Journal to report these changes back to our own villagers. So far this Journal has been dealing only with matters relating to Village Level Workers. The problems facing Village Level Workers are also problems facing our villagers. Therefore, with this issue, we wish to make this Journal serve both the villagers and the Village Level Workers by increasing the size and by publishing stories of cultural interest, news of development value and articles relating to the day-to-day life in our villages.

A Field Worker.

NO, NOT MY HOUSE!

THE EARTH, THE MAN AND THE BULLOCK

Ram Narain Upadhayaya

GOD MADE the Earth and then created Man. Man felt hungry. To satisfy his hunger he invented agriculture.

In the meantime, the Man, the Earth and the Bullock quarrelled among themselves. Every one of them had to satisfy his hunger. Every one wanted a share in the harvest.

The Man said, "I produce corn from the Earth with the help of my brain and my muscles. I want my full share."

The Bullock said, "I help you in producing everything from the Earth. Let me have my share."

The Earth said, "You get everything out of me. If I do not co-operate, both of you will starve. Therefore, give me my share by virtue of right."

But they did not know each other's language. They could not understand each other. So, they went to the court of God.

The Great God asked each of them separately what they would like to have as their share?

The Man said, "I want all the corn to feed myself, to keep running the blood in my veins."

The God said, "I hope you do not want anything else but the corn?"

The Man categorically said, "No, nothing."

The God was pleased and He allowed Man to grow and take all the corn from the Earth.

The Bullock said, "I need the grass, the

tree leaves and other vegetations to keep body and soul together."

The God asked the Man and the Earth, "Have you any objection in giving these things to the Bullock ?"

Both of them said, "No, we don't have any objection."

The God allowed the Bullock to take the grass and the fodder to himself.

Then the Earth politely submitted, "My Lord! since I myself produce corn and fodder, I am not interested in all that. Let them live and live well. Tell them to give me only the animal dung and other wastes. In return, I will give them a bumper crop."

On hearing Earth's plea, the God again asked the Man, "Do you agree to this proposal?"

"Yes", said the man enthusiastically.

The God was happy on this agreed solution.

All the three were pleased with the judgement. Soon the Earth gave bumper crops. There was prosperity all over. The Earth was full of dense forests and green vegetation. So the rain was always timely. The cattle were healthy and active. There was plenty of milk and butter. In fact, they say that milk flowed in the streams.

* * * *

When Man enjoyed such great prosperity, he became greedy and jealous. He thought of usurping the share of others. First of all, he took over the grass and the fodder of animals. He started selling it. The animals did not have the freedom to graze. The cattle went starving. They lost their vigour and strength. Agriculture degenerated.

The Man's greed increased day by day. So much so that instead of taking the trouble of cutting wood from the jungle, Man started burning the cow-dung—the food of the Earth. He made cow-dung cakes and burnt them in his hearth. Result: the crops dried up and the yield from the land dwindled. The Earth dried up. The Man worked hard but Earth did not give the rich dividend as in the past.

One day the Man was upset. He cried in anger, "The Earth is dishonest."

The Earth replied back, "The Man is dishonest; Man is trecherous."

The Earth reminded the Man of his solemn promise before the God. The Earth said to the Man, "Things cannot improve till you fulfil your promise. Your greed must end. You should take only the corn which rightfully belong to you and leave the grass and the fodder for the animals. You must not sell the grass for profit. You must not burn the cow-dung which is my food. The day Man recognizes this fact, things will change. There will be rich crops; there will be no dearth of milk and butter."—
(Translated from original Hindi by P.N.S.)

HAMARA DESH

SHRI JAWAHARLAL NEHRU as President of the Bharat Sevak Samaj, has approved a 10-point code of conduct for the citizen of India.

The code of conduct lays down that all citizens of India should

1. Despite political differences, stand united for the defence of the country and work together to implement programme for the common good.
2. Rise above differences of caste, creed, language and province and consider the nation a single entity.
3. Subordinate self-interest to the interest of others and become good citizens.
4. Shun violence and religious prejudices and keep aloof from the feeling of high and low, touchability and untouchability.
5. Understand the Five Year Plan and co-operate in its implementation.
6. Engage themselves in manual labour for some constructive work at least an hour every day.
7. Keep the body, house, street and village or town neat and clean.
8. Have respect for women and love for children who should not be scolded or beaten.
9. Abstain from liquor and all other intoxicants, wear khadi and encourage cottage industries by using their products.
10. Abstain from adulteration in food stuffs, and giving or accepting bribe in any form and nepotism.

Gram Sevak Turns Legislator

Shri Balmukand, a Bhil, who was till recently a Village Level Worker in Rajasthan will represent the tribal area of Dungarpur in the new Rajasthan Assembly. Shri Balmukand had been working in the Dungarpur Community Development Block since its inception in 1952. He completed a six months' training course at the Kotah Training School for Village Level Workers. He resigned his post in time to qualify himself for contesting the Elections. His election goes to prove that the training which a Gram Sevak had in the course of his work as a public worker is of a higher standard and that by serving the villagers in their day-to-day life, one could get ample opportunities of serving them in a larger sphere. It is also a well-known fact that the majority of the workers in the field have been enjoying the confidence of the people because they work with them, shoulder to shoulder, as ordinary men without claiming any special privileges.

Students' Camps

The Bharat Sevak Samaj has decided to

hold more than 1,000 students' camps throughout the country during the summer vacation. These camps will train about 85,000 boys and girls. Of these, 330 will be big boys', 660 local students', and 150 girls' camps. One big boys' camp and two local students' camps will be conducted in each district. There will be one girls' camp for every two districts. The boys' camps will be held normally in the Community Projects or NES. blocks; girls camps in NES. blocks or in welfare extension project areas; and local students' camps in villages for the benefit of students studying in middle and high schools from the same locality or tehsil.

Panchayat Ghars in Kashmir

Nearly 250 new panchayat ghars were opened all over the Kashmir valley—as part of the celebrations in connection with the introduction of the State's new constitution.

Indian Army's Tarzan

The Indian Army has a "Tarzan" on its rolls. He stands full seven feet and has a 41-inch chest, and weighs 220 pounds nett without his kit. Twenty-four year old Janak Singh Rajput, of Bataur village, Ambala district, was "discovered" by Shri Y. P. Malik, Assistant Recruiting Officer, Ambala. Shri Malik said that Janak Singh was found "very fit," physically as well as mentally, for recruitment to the Army.

Training in Agriculture

The Madhya Pradesh Government has decided to help all retired soldiers desiring to take up agriculture, commerce and industry on co-operative basis as their occupation. Some co-operative agricultural societies of ex-soldiers are already receiving Government aid. Some physically disabled ex-soldiers are also receiving aid for opening shops. The Soldiers' Board of Gwalior is opening reading rooms for ex-soldiers of Bhind, Morena and Gwalior areas. Scholarships are being granted for the daughters of ex-soldiers for training in nursing and midwifery.

Eye Relief Camps

About a dozen eye relief camps are being organised by the local planning department in the NES blocks of the Shahjehanpur district. Over seven hundred persons have been operated upon and about a thousand patients treated so far.

Sewing Machines

A scheme for the distribution of sewing machines on hire-purchase system has been launched by the U.P. Government with the object of raising the standard of living of the people residing in the NES. and other development blocks. Women belonging to lower income groups and other poor people wanting to supplement their earnings would be greatly benefited under this scheme. It is proposed to supply sewing machines, with accessories for embroidery work, to women and unemployed persons knowing the art of tailoring on payment of Rs. 20 as advance and a monthly instalment of Rs. 5 till the entire cost of the machine is recovered.

Roads Through Shramdan

Over one hundred miles of new roads have been constructed through Shramdan in Shahjehanpur District of U.P. About a dozen of these roads are more than six miles long. During the drive one hundred and four miles of roads were repaired, four culverts and four bunds were constructed, apart from construction of compost pits, drains and sites for nurseries. According to the ditrict planning officer—in the Khutar NES block about two dozen villages have been connected by the construction of new roads and feeder roads. A sum of Rs. 2,000 was donated by the four pradhans of the Kanth NES block for the construction of panchayat ghars-cum-schools in their villages.

New Leadership

N. C. Panigrahi

"DO you feel fatigued"? A young man asked another young man with a good sense of humour. While changing the heavy log of wood from one shoulder to another, the young man put on a smile and said, "I have never experienced such a pleasant state of mind before. I can carry this log for another ten miles. I do not know why my strength has been increased to-day."

Sribatsa Mund was very much happy at the answer. He thought he had discovered a very energetic and enthusiastic young man as his co-worker in the project he was going to undertake. First he was alone. Now they were two. He was not pessimistic about the many more to join hands in the near future.

The two young men under a heavy weight arrived at Badmahesar. They were sweating. The men and women of the village looked at them carrying on their shoulders a heavy log and struggling towards the site where the school building was to be put up. This action made a great impact on the minds of the village people.

Badmahesar is a small village in the Khariar Community Development Block in the District of Kalahandi, Orissa. The villagers are poor agriculturists. Most of them are illiterate. They did never think of getting a school in their village.

Next evening, a group of women was marching towards the village well for drinking water. Sribatsa Mund, the self less worker was the hero of discussion in the village. His sacrifice and love for the children was much talked about. It was a tender and sympathetic appreciation for the work done in the cause of their own children whom they love. The men-folk of the village did not escape vehement criticism for not playing their part in this noble task of building a School. The discussion had not come to an end when they arrived at the well.

Now all of them put down their jars on the floor and the proceedings continued. They were all standing near the well talking to each other with typically feminine gestures and gesticulations. The discussions went on sometimes in whispers, and sometimes in undertones. It was all about Shri Mund, about their men-folk's indifference and about the new School for their children.

By this time the Western Gate of the horizon was decorated with colours. The Sun, the celestial administrator of Nature's Development Scheme, was about to take leave. A happy farewell was arranged. Birds were moving as an army in retreat. The cool, gentle breeze distributed scents from the floral-cups.

Mild and red, the sun went down hurriedly, making a gift of a few hours' twilight. All returned home happily. The cows hastened towards the sheds to meet their calves and the women, with a determination to influ-

ence the men-folk to have a school house for their beloved children. The topic was raised in most of the domestic meetings at night.

Sri Mund with his optimistic outlook was proceeding in his own way. One day in a group-discussion organised by Sri Lambodar Nand, the Gram Sevak of Bargaon, the villagers made a list detailing their contribution and cooperation. Enthusiasm and initiative spread like wild fire.

One day the Block Development Officer appeared in the village with his Jeep. His eyes surveyed the village from house to house and rested on something new which was not seen by him in his previous visit. It was a newly-built and white-washed school house. At the sound of the jeep almost all the villagers, old and young, girls and boys, came out of their humble cottages and gathered round the Jeep. The Block Development Officer sat down on a cot offered to him and all sat down on the floor in front of him. With a quick survey, the discerning eyes of the Block Development Officer could not fail to see something new in their appearance. It was no doubt, the feeling of creative pride and self-confidence—the taste of which was lost to them under the foreign rule.

They looked to the Block Development Officer with all their simplicity. Dead silence for a while. Breaking the silence, the Block Development Officer began, "I am happy this time." He went on to tell the story of the country as a whole.

The urge for recognition by the village leaders was satisfied by a distinguished guest to this tiny village community. In the talk it was revealed that the leadership was first found in Sribatsa Mund and that was prompted by Sri Nand, the Village Level Worker, whose invisible hands were active behind the scenes.

"THE JOB I LIKE TO DO"

As multi-purpose workers, you have all had to do a variety of jobs—from inaugurating functions to giving a helping hand in the pavement of streets. You have to answer queries from the Auditor General on the one hand and address public meetings and appeal to the good instincts of your countrymen on the other. You mix freely with the villagers and help yourself with a puff at the *Hookka* in the morning and hobnob with high officials and foreign dignatories later in the day. We would be interested to hear from you as to what you like doing best—in the field, in the office and in the home. Your story should not exceed 500 words or $1\frac{1}{2}$ typed fool-scap sheets of double-spaced matter.

Address your contributions superscribed "The Job I like to do" to the Editor, *Gram Sevak*, The Publications Division, Old Secretariat, Delhi-8.

NAYA PAISA

FACILITIES for the exchange of the existing coins for decimal coins with effect from April 1, 1957, will be available at all treasuries, sub-treasuries, offices of the Reserve Bank of India, branches of the State Bank of India, the State Bank of Hyderabad and the Bank of Mysore.

Arrangements have been made for reasonably adequate stocks of ten, five, two and one naya paisa coins to be kept at these places for the purpose of issue to the public in exchange. The public can, however, continue to use the existing one pice, half, one and two anna coins which will continue to be legal tender for three years to come.

The rupee will retain its present value, but it will be divided into 100 naye paise, as against the existing division of rupee into 192 pies or 64 pice. The existing eight anna and four anna pieces will also retain their value as half rupee and quarter rupee respectively and will continue to be used as the exact equivalent of fifty and twenty-five naye paise respectively. New coins specifying their equivalent in terms of naya paisa will be minted and put into circulation only gradually.

SOCIAL CHANGE

KALJAVADE

KALJAVADE is a hamlet-village, situated in the backward area of the C.D. Project, Karvir-Panhala, commonly known as Manwad-Kolik hilly tract—25 miles from Kolhapur. It has a population of 591. It came under the Community Development programme in 1952. Thanks to ideal leadership, this village has achieved remarkable success in all spheres of developments during the last four years.

Marriage System

The marriage system prevalent in the village was shocking. A poor man had to spend at least a thousand rupees on his marriage. No father was prepared to offer his daughter without getting at least a sum of Rs. 700|-. In addition, gold, clothing and other sundry expenses were there. The leaders of the village realised the gravity of this evil and proclaimed that thereafter the marriage in Kaljavade would be performed without any dowry.

Dress

A public meeting of Gram Vikas Mandal was held and it was resolved that villagers should wear on holidays and ceremonies, *Kurta* and *Dhoti*. A procession to that effect was taken round the village. The people have now started using *Dhoti* and *Kurta*.

The ladies in the village never joined a meeting. They were too shy to come out. A Mahila Mandal was established. This was quite a new thing for them. The Mandal has now decided to start a Grain Society for women in the village. Now the women come out, attend public meetings, and take active part in the village development activities.

Medical Aid

So far the village priest was their doctor. He ordained them to kill goats, hens and chickens in the name of different deities in order to heal the patients. They were not in the habit of taking medicines from the doctor. The Medical Officer of Bajar-Bhogaon took special care of the patients particularly from this village and the round about hamlets. As they actually benefited by his treatment, they have now confidence in the doctor. Now they very much appreciate the medical aid.

Harijans were not allowed to take water from any well or the river used by the villagers. But now they have done away with these restrictions.

The villagers in general have realized that unless their children are sent to schools, there would be no progress. They have started sending their children to school. Adults have also benefited by Adult Education Classes. The disputes in the village are amicably and impartially settled by the Gram Vikas Mandal.

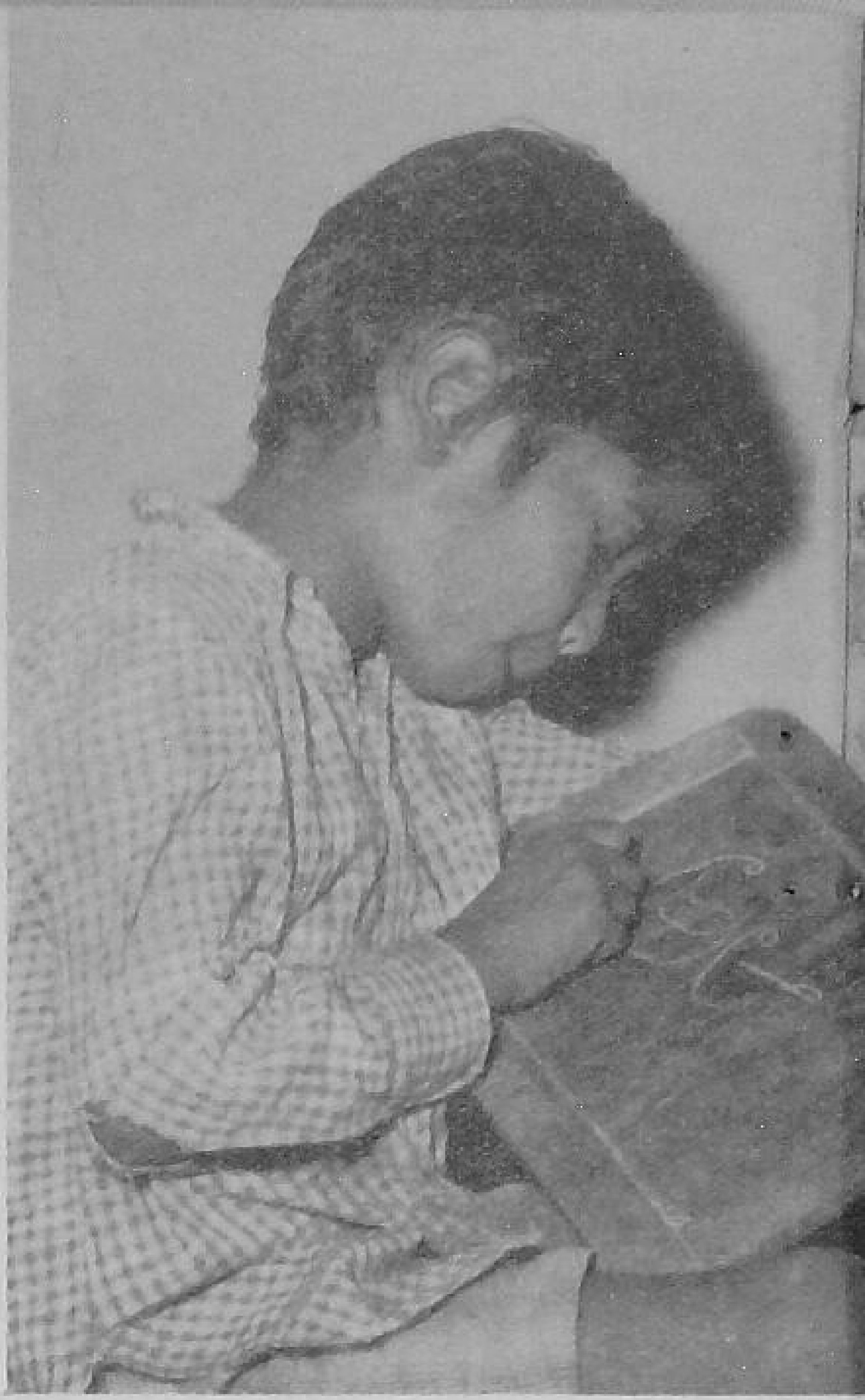
The project has instilled new life in these hamlets.—(*J. A. Khanvilkar, Gram Sevak, Nanudre, N.E.S. Panhala Block, District Kolhapur.*

A NEW CUSTOMER . . . .

"Uncle, Namaskaram", said a young cyclist to an old cart man. The old man stops the cart and begins to chat with the young person. This energetic person is no other than the Gram Sevak of the village. He makes use of his two-wheeler machine to meet the villagers in their farms, fields and homes.

There are about 17,000 Gram Sevaks working all over the country. Their number is likely to increase to nearly 50,000 by the end of the Second Five-Year Plan.

A way-side halt



No time

A Gram Sevika talks

aste !

Happy Harvest

omen and children

YOUNG AND THE OLD ....

Above is the picture of a village panchayat in the Mandya district of Mysore State. A young energetic Gram Sevak (extreme right) is there to assist and advise the village panchayat in its work. This panchayat meets at least twice a month to consider the day-to-day problems of the village.

There are at present over 1,25,000 such village panchayats all over India, weaving a new pattern of rural life in the country. The panchayats have helped in improving sanitation, village communications, drinking water supply, public health, agriculture and education.

The Story of Mr Jeep and Mr Banian

THE other day I went to a village near Delhi. I never knew that Jeeps could speak but believe me, for hours together, I heard a Jeep talking to an old Banian tree. I could gather from the conversation that the old Banian was asleep for a long time. The Banian tree could not recognise his own village, when he got up from the long slumber. So, with much surprise, the Banian tree asked the Jeep.

Mr Banian: "Well my dear, who are you? I do not remember to have seen you in this village."

Mr Jeep: "I am Mr Jeep; but uncle Banian, I had been seeing you for the last five years. For, during my stay in the village, I often had been enjoying the shade of your arms. I come from a distant country in the United States of America. When I first came to this village, it was more or less a deep jungle. It was very difficult for me to walk on the streets. My tyres used to be damaged soon and it was very difficult for me to make a way out of it. Believe me, when I saw the forest being cleared, I was terribly afraid lest men might kill you also with the other trees. I was happy when I found that they had spared you."

Mr Banian now heaved a sigh of relief; so violent was the sigh that some squirrels dropped on the ground like ripe fruits.

After a few minutes, Mr Jeep continued, "Perhaps you were asleep all these days. All the villagers met together under your shadow a number of times and chalked out their plans of what they call 'development'. You know that tall fellow with a multi-coloured turban whom the villagers call the *Mukhiya*? He pleaded for you when the villagers were cutting the jungle. That tall old man organized teams of workers who constructed these new roads."

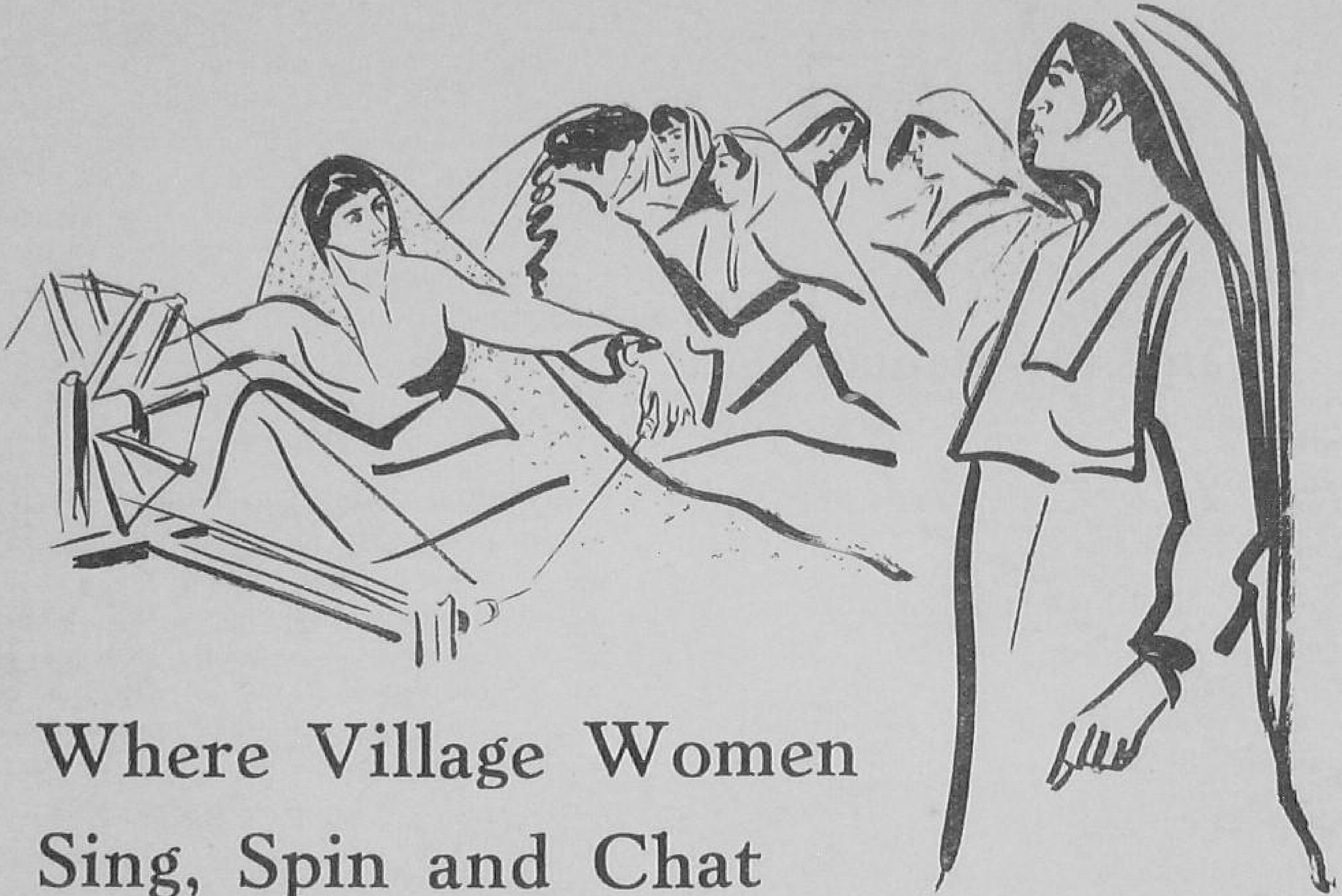
Mr Banian now asked Mr Jeep with surprise and pleasure: "Well, dear Jeepy, I am glad to be introduced to you; also glad to see the new roads; but what are those tall fellows who look more or less like our beetlenut trees?"

Mr Jeep: "Well, uncle, they call them electric poles. You know when we first came to this village it looked so dark. I used to be terribly frightened at night. But now because of these new posts and those hanging lamps, the village roads are not dark any longer. They say that they got their power from a river. They call them River Valley projects."

Mr Banian: "But how could the villagers take out such a big plan in hand? I am told they need a lot of money."

Mr Jeep: "Oh! you do not know, uncle, now these villagers no longer depend on the State. And by the way, do you know that the foreign rulers also left the country some nine years ago? The villagers make out the programme themselves and the Government gives them some help. You know the villagers could not go to towns. They could not have a better market. Ever since I came to this village, I found a new spirit among the members of the Panchayat. Now the authorities send men mostly from the towns to look after the welfare of the villages. Previously they could hardly come to this village because there was no road. The other day, I carried a number of visitors from a foreign land. You know they simply enjoyed the fun. I used to feel very thirsty—during the

(*Continued on page* 19)



Where Village Women Sing, Spin and Chat

In the countryside of Punjab, there is a popular institution called Trinjan. Trinjan *is a gathering of young village belles where they sing, spin and chat....................*

SPINNING is an ancient Indian art. But in Punjab, it has a special significance. It is part and parcel of the life of the rural women. Every woman spins the yarn to prepare cloth for herself and her own kinsmen. The young brides prepare their own dowry. That is why Hussain, the sixteenth century Sufi poet of Punjab, compared his soul to a young girl who remained unmarried as she failed to prepare for her trousseau the yarn which she had to spin herself. Such was the importance of spinning in the olden days.

Spinning may not be so important today but still the girls take to it at a very early age. They are always keen to attend a sitting of the *Trinjan.* Every mother is pleased to see her daughter in an assembly like this. A folk-poet refers to misery of a woman whose daughter is absent from the *Trinjan* as she has recently gone to her father-in-law's house. The woman is very sad to find all other girls there, except her own daughter. The poet asks her:

The girls sit in the Trinjan!
Why, O mother, do'st thou weep?
When you have sent your daughter
to her in-laws' house?

The *Trinjan* is an interesting institution of the Punjab countryside. Its members change every year. Some girls leave their parents' village as they get married. But others grow up to take their place. The new brides who come to the village also join the *Trinjan*. Thus its continuity never breaks. But it is very seldom that the girls who once leave meet again in the *Trinjan*. Referring to this phenomenon, a folk-poet says that the girls of the *Trinjan* meet only by chance.

The *Trinjan* can shift from house to house. Any lady can invite the whole club to her house. Along with spinning and allied activities, the girls of the *Trinjan* exchange their joys and sorrows, receive and give the news of the home and the farm. The girls, when they meet in the *Trinjan*, sing songs of joy. The melodies attract even those who have renounced the world, said a folk-poet of Punjab:—

'Tis the song of spinning wheels,
That bring yogis down from the hills.

The selection of the spinning wheel is a vital matter for a young woman. She insists that it should be made of good wood, and be colourful and good-looking. For she does not want to feel ashamed of her wheel in the assembly of the *Trinjan*. In many songs, women address their husbands:

My spinning wheel is of kikkar wood,
Get me one of teakwood.
My friends have already spun the yarn,
I cannot work this wheel;
It makes shrill sounds,
And disturbs my sleep,
Curse be on this wheel,
For it has tired me !

The spinning wheel is not a lifeless thing. It is the conscience keeper of young damsels. It receives their secrets and in return gives sound advice. In the following song, a girl speaks thus to her spinning wheel:

Ghoon, ghoon, O my spinning wheel
Should I spin the red poni or not ?
Spin, my girl, spin.
Far off is my father-in-law's house,
Should I live there or not ?
Live there, my girl, live.
Long, long is the story of my woes,
Should I tell or not ?
Tell, my girl, tell.
My husband is a minor,
Shouid I stay with him or not,
Stay, my girl, stay.

Spinning is not a mechanical process. The work is done in an atmosphere of romance and poetry.

While spinning I thought of my love,
I was drowsy
And fell on my basket of poonies.

In this state of drowsiness, the girl starts day-dreaming. The dreams are dreadful. Lo! her *poonies* turn into snakes and start running. And she abruptly wakes up.

In another song, we are told of a young husband who cannot bear to be separated from his newly-wedded wife. He has sent her to the *Trinjan* but she has taken too long to return. He starts hanging about the house where the *Trinjan* is meeting. The girl is ashamed and does not like it:

I have spun only three
And my husband has crossed the Trinjan four times !

The melodies of the *Trinjan* have been heard in the villages of the Punjab since time immemorial. It has provided entertainment and work to the hardy women of this State in their spare hours. Unfortunately, this useful institution is gradually disappearing. The import of cheap mill-made cloth into the villages is rendering the spinning-wheel idle. *Trinjans* do not meet as often now as they used to. The institution has served a very useful purpose, and it is time it was given new life. *(P.N.S.)*

I TRIED IT—
WILL YOU?

PROJECT work had just commenced. It was the time of busy organisational work. There were many institutions to be organised, Mahila Samajam, Youth Club, Young Farmers' Club, Kala Samajam, etc., etc. And for everyone there was the dreaded people's contribution. The few men of good-will and fewer still who could shell out some in the form of hard cash were soon exhausted by the time I organised my Young Farmers' Club.

More than half a dozen organisation unit papers were pending with me and reminders and explanations and warnings began to shower upon me. I came to the end of my tether. Charges were to be framed against me for not being able to organise a Young Farmers' Club. I became desperate. I thought that something drastic had to be done. You know, a drowning man thinks clearly and fastly. So did I. Two hundred and eighty rupees in hard cash had to be collected and remitted. A sum of rupees one hundred and fifty was collected and was safe in the hands of the President of the Club and that rare man of good-will had proposed to make it two hundred. Eighty rupees more, and my night-mare will be over! I was sure that once the Club was sanctioned and the articles received, the amount will fly in like leaves in autumn and the amount set apart for people's contribution will be over-subscribed. That month, by a stroke of good luck, I was to get my salary of Rs. 87 including all the allowances admissible to a poor Village Guide.

The next day—it was auspicious day at least in my career. Calling all the Gods in Heaven, I approached the Vice-President. I felt rather hesitent to approach the President further and said, "Well Sir, I will give the balance from my pay—if you find your area too poor to collect the amount for a public cause".

The Vice-President stood up. He turned the flower vase to the left, he turned the flower to the right, kept the window shutters in position. Then turning to me he said, "You win, V.G. you win. I will advance the balance of rupees eighty-five and collect the same from the people as and when I can realise it. You are either too sincere or too clever".

"Thank you and God bless you", I thanked him.

My experiment was the last straw of a drowning man. It was my last manoeuvre. The appeal hit the mark. It touched him to the core. The Vice-President never lost his eighty-five rupees. The Club was sanctioned and the articles arrived in time, and the amount flew in a fortnight. The Vice-President rose to the occasion and the poor V.G. learned a big lesson in human psychology. It was a memorable experiment in my career. But I tried it and won. Try it. Will you?

* * *

Provisions for Bathing Ghats had just been introduced. B . . . was the only place where I could not get a tangible proposal for a Bathing Ghat. There was only one tank satisfying all the requirements. But by some unlucky chance, it belonged to a Karanava, a thorough conservative. He is a good soul in his own way. But the idea of Hindus and Muslims bathing in the same tank was incomprehensible to him. I don't blame him. For he belonged to that bye-gone age.

To get the tank for the public, the Panchayat President had tried all known means, but failed. But the Karanava had one weakness. Presidentship or even membership of a committee had an inexplicable

fascination for him. The first time I visited his house, he showed me a row of photographs of the different committees, he had been President, Treasurer or even a member. One, as the President of the reception committee when the Prime Minister passed through that village, another as treasurer of the Independence Day Celebration Committee, etc.

A fine idea struck me. The next day, I had one hour top level confidential meeting with the Panchayat President. That evening, the President convened a public meeting to find out ways and means of constructing a Community Bath. The meeting was not badly attended. When it came to the question as to who was to preside over the meeting, one Mahamed Ali stood up and suggested the name of the Karanava. The younger men amongst the members grumbled. The President went to them and confidentially spoke a few words. There was a smile on their lips. There was complete decorum.

After a slight formal objection by the Karanava himself, we finally persuaded him to accept the presidentship, which he did with all dignity. The Panchayat President as the convener described the great service rendered by the Karanava to the cause of the public. He expressed the hope that the Committee under the able presidentship of Karanava would succeed in its efforts.

Karanava then made his speech. He referred to the great deeds he had done in his younger day and of the public committees he had adorned. He exhorted the people to support the Government and do its bidding.

Then, for five minutes, I addressed the meeting. I explained or tried to explain the Five-Year Plan, the Community Projects, what it meant to the Indian villager, and what it meant to the villagers of B . . . I referred to a few improvements that had been brought about in the village of B . . . I expressed my satisfaction at the selection of the Karanava as the President and congratulated villagers for getting his invaluable services.

I had scarcely taken my seat when the Karanava stood up and said, "Well folks, the tank is yours. If what the V.G. said be true, there is no meaning in my blocking the progress. When the whole country goes forward, why should we lag behind? When you put your trust in me, I cannot refuse you. The work shall start tomorrow."

And it did began the very next day. At least the ceremonial part of it.

Call him conceited or call him noble, take it as you may, but B . .got its first Bathing Ghat. *(P. Jacob, Gram Sevak, Kattayi, Coyalmannam, NES Block, Kerala.)*

THE STORY OF MR. JEEP AND MR. BANIAN

(Continued from page 15)

summer in particular. Even then the 'Bara Saheb' whom they call the Block Development Officer could not get me any water. But now, uncle, you will simply be surprised to find a number of taps in different neighbourhoods. That fellow, dressed like a Baboo, whom the villagers call "Gram Sevak" did a lot to organize the villages. But I am so sorry that I hardly get a chance to give him a lift. Poor fellow! Even if he is promoted as a S.E.O., I understand his prospects of gaining my favours will not be bright."

"I am told, most of the persons whom I carried in the beginning of my career, are now highly placed. You know, uncle, I was so glad. But they left me here and took some new belle—you know the new cars. I know those beautiful cars are too weak to work in the villages. I am told that the first Baboo whom I carried now lives some 30 miles from here and they call him a Minister. But he has not changed a bit. He remembers me still and whenever he visits this village he prefers me to Mr Wagon and Mr Limousine."

As Mr. Banian was feeling thirsty after his long slumber· Mr. Jeep went off at top speed to fetch some water for him. **(V.B.)**

(To be Continued)

FOLK TALES OF INDIA-I

HIMAL NAGRAYA

J. N. Bhat

India has precious literature in her folk tales. It needs to be explored and presented to the people. We are, therefore, starting from this issue a feature entitled "Folk Tales of India" with a tale from Kashmir. Under this feature, we shall publish representative folk tales from various States of our country. We will particularly welcome such folk tales from our friends in the field. They have ample opportunities to bring to light such hidden literature. The tales should be brief, preferably having a rural setting and a moral.

IN THE village Bolapur near the town Shupayan in the vale of Kashmir, you will find two small lakes. The one is called the lake of Nagraya—the Serpent King, and the other that of a Princess Himal.

It all started like this. Long long ago there lived a man called Sadaram. He had a quarrelsome wife. One day after being taunted by his wife Sadaram left for a far off town in search of livelihood. On his way he stopped for a while on the bank of a small lake under a chinar tree. After a scanty meal, he went to sleep. This lake was under the domain of a Serpent King, who came out of the lake. He noticed the bag of the poor Sadaram and got into it. When Sadaram woke up, he noticed a snake in his bag. He closed the top and instead of proceeding to his destination went homewards.

At home he handed over the bag to his wife. The wife opened the bag. Lo! there was a newly born babe in it. The child was named Nagraya and grew up in the family. In course of time the child became a fine young man. One day he was cutting the wood in a jungle. He saw the daughter of the Raja of Bolapur along with her friends in the forest. Suddenly, a huge serpent pounced on the princess. Nagraya, at once came to her rescue by holding the serpent under his spell. The princess fell in love with the poor wood-cutter. She requested him to come to the court of her father and win her away in marriage by answering three questions put by her father. Nagraya came to the court, answered the questions and married the young princess Himal.

Himal and Nagraya lived happily for some time. But fate had destined it otherwise. In the Serpent Kingdom, Nagraya, who was originally the Serpent King was missed

by the Serpent Queen. A thorough search was made. Nagraya was found to have 'degraded' himself by becoming a man. It was decided to bring him back at any cost. One of the serpents, disguised itself in the garb of a woman selling flowers. She contacted the princess Himal. She poisoned the ears of the princess against her husband and told her that he was originally a serpent. She refused to believe her. The flower girl told her that she could test the identity of Nagraya by asking him to have a dip in a big milk bowl.

The Princess now asked her husband to prove his identity by getting into a milk bowl. Nagrya at once noticed the mischief behind it and tried to dissuade the princess from insisting on his getting into a milk bowl. When she would not hear him, he got into a milk bowl and was transformed into a serpent and taken straightway to Serpent Kingdom. Himal bemoaned, lamented and cursed herself for all she had done, because she loved Nagraya much and was extremely fond of him.

Finally, on the advice of an old man, Himal went to the same lake, when Nagraya had first appeared. At night she found the Serpent King and implored him to come with her. Nagraya told her that it was impossible for him to do so, but if she so desired she could accompany him to Serpent Kingdom. Nagraya at once agreed to it and jumped into the lake and reached the Talpatal, where the serpent kingdom was. There she defeated the serpents and both Himal and Nagraya came to the earth. But alas both of them had become half serpents, half human and were soon killed by the people.

After their death a miracle took place. Two beautiful lakes suddenly appeared at the site they had died and people who live in the villages nearby will tell you that at the starlit nights when the whole world is quiet, they hear beautiful melodies sung together by the two departed souls of Nagraya and Himal.

NEW LIFE

Our Village Sonth

ORGANISATION of Melas and exhibitions, etc., is not a novel experience in the history of Gulbarga Development Block, but it is really a very significant event in the history of Sonth village. Sonth is an interior village, situated about forty miles from Gulbarga.

Before the Project was started in this Taluqa, it was very difficult even to visit the village because of its being surrounded by hills. But today after a period of two and a half years, it has become easy for the villagers to come to the town and return home on the same day. They have constructed a school building, a maternity centre and a long approach road which is nearing completion. They have put in a lot of *sharamadan* in improving the village sanitation.

The Village leaders, Shivalingappa and Veerbhadrappa, look old but are quite energetic and are always prepared to give their best to the Development works. This village, like every one in this great country, has a peculiar story of its own. All possible social evils which existed in the past are now slowly disappearing. One who knows its previous condition will be amazed to see the change that has taken place.

A Kisan Mela was organised on 27th January, 1957. On the Republic Day, an inter-village tournament of various in-door and outdoor games was conducted. Baby show and Community meals were arranged to eradicate the untouchability and feelings of casteism.

On 27th January, 1957, villagers' seminar and a grand cultural programme were arranged; prizes were also given from the Project funds. Village Leaders from different villages participated in the seminar and expressed their views about the working of Community Development Programme. It provided an opportunity to every villager to express his views freely.

Questions And Answers

Q. When will the all-India Village Level Workers' seminar be held and where?

—M. K. Sethu Rao

A. There is no proposal at the moment of holding a Village Level Workers' seminar on an all-India basis. Perhaps you know that selected Village Level Workers are invited to various regional seminars.

Q. Do you suggest any standard dress for a Gram Sevak when he goes out for field work?

—V. P. Srivastava

A. It is very difficult to lay down a standard pattern of dress for a Gram Sevak when he goes out for field work. What is required is that he should not look very different from the villagers. For instance, pant, coat and tie may not inspire confidence in the villager with whom the Gram Sevak has to work. The villager is bound to take him as a *Saheb*. A neat, clean Indian dress may perhaps be better. Shorts may also be convenient for work.

Q. Will you publish our articles written in Hindi, Bengali, Bhojpuri translated into English?

—R. R. Prasad

A. We invite articles both in English and Hindi. We have Hindi edition of Gram Sevak as well. Articles written in Hindi can be sent direct to the Editor 'Gram Sevak' (Hindi), Old Secretariat, Delhi.

Q. Can Gram Sevaks send their articles direct to the Editor 'Gram Sevak'?

—R. R. Arya

A. Yes.

Q. How many Gram Sevaks are working in the Community Development and N.E.S. Programme in the country.

—Shadi Lal

A. According to the latest statistics, about seventeen thousand Gram Sevaks are working in our programme.

Pen Friends' League

THE following is the list of new members of our Pen Friends' League :—

86. *Shri Sayeed Uddin Ahmed,* Village Level Worker—Community Development Block, Panki (Palamau)—I. Com. Standard, Extension Trained, L.S.S. Trained and passed the First-Aid examination from Extension Training Centre, Patna.—Interested in Agriculture, Education of Children, adult education, collection of proverbs in vogue in rural areas, gardening, out door games and all other aspects relating to Rural Development—Mother Tongue : Hindustani.

87. *Shri Krishna Kumar Gaur*—Village Level Worker, N.E.S. Block, Dist. Sehore (Bhopal)—Intermediate—Interested in Agriculture and Social Education—Mother Tongue : Hindi.

88. *Shri P. K. Gaur*—Publicity Assistant-cum-Project Operator, Community Project Block, Bhillaugna, Dist. Tehri-Garhwal, U.P.—Inter-Science, Trained Projectionist—Interested in Photography, Painting, Drawing, Driving, organizing social welfare programmes, youth clubs, adult classes, community centres, libraries, etc.—Mother Tongue : Hindi.

89. *Shri Biswonath Das*—Gram Sevak, Village Bapanbudi, P.O. Varanasi,—Dist. Ganjam (Orissa)—Under Matriculation—Interested in eradication of caste system, Agriculture and Co-operation—Mother Tongue : Oriya.

90. *Shri R. B. Wale*—Gram Sevak, Vidul, Vidul, Community Development Umerkhed, Vidul Circle Dist. Yeotmal—Matric, Viyam Vicharad—Interested in swimming, playing kabadi, foot ball, wrestling and development activities.

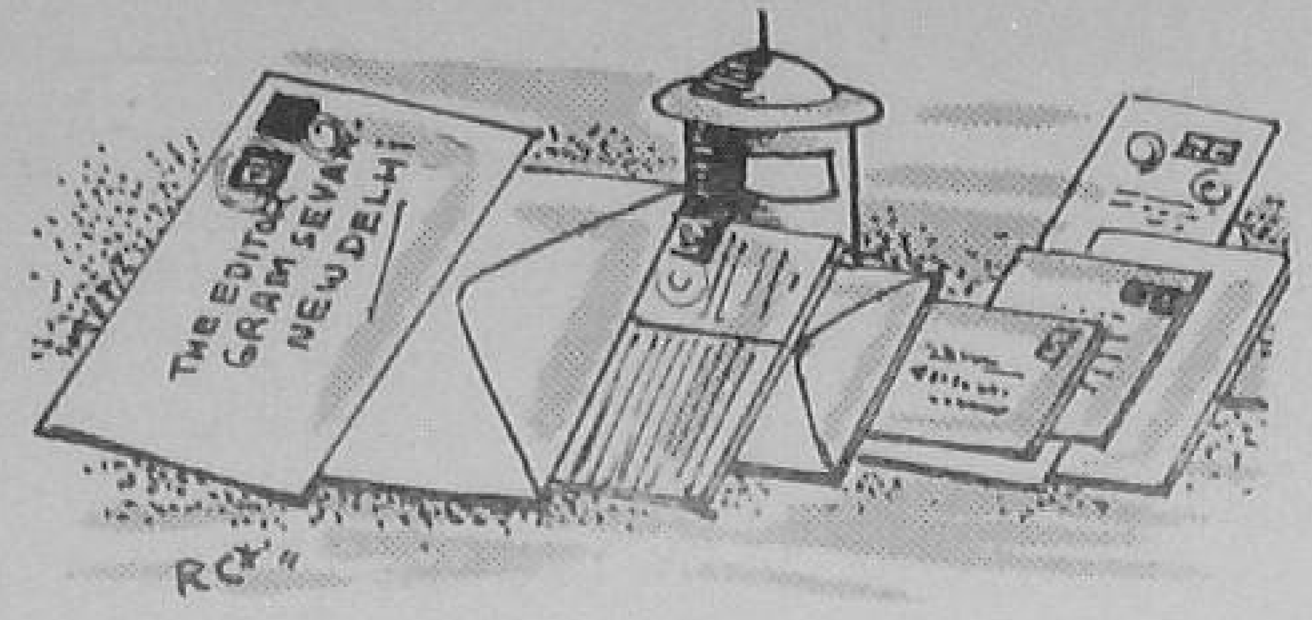
91. *Shri V. Sivaramakrishnan*—Gram Sevak 1st Grade, Ayakkarampulam (Post), Thirumuraipundi (Taluk), Tanjore (Dt.), S.I.—S.S.L.C.—Interested in Drama, Poems, Short Story writing in connection with the Community Development Scheme—Agriculture—Social Education—Animal Husbandry—Mother Tongue : Tamil.

92. *Shri K. K. Mathews (Trainee)*—B. A. S. Mannothi P.O., Trichur, Kerala State—Matriculate—Interested in the uplift of the poor, social education and plant protection—Mother Tongue : Malayalam.

93. *Shri Krishna Reddy*—Gram Sevak, Community Development Block, Shadnagar, Mahboob Nagar Dist. Hyderabad State—Matriculate—Interested in Agriculture and Social Education—Mother Tongue: Telugu.

94. *Shri P. N. Pattewar*—Gram Sevak, NES Block, Pandharkaoda—Matriculate—Interested in Agriculture and Plant protection work—Mother Tongue: Marathi.

95. *Shri A. B. Quraishi,* Sahitya Sudhaker—V.L.W., NES Block Aspur Deosara, Pratap Garh (Oudh)—Interested in writing of story and songs, agriculture, public health, animal husbandry, co-operative, social education, panchayat, social welfare, development work and sight seeing of other places—Mother Tongue : Correspond in English, Urdu and Hindi also.



READERS W

Sir,

I have been reading with interest the letters from the Gram Sevaks on the subject of a Gram Sevaks' Association in our magazine since a long time. I too second it.

By planning this our unity will be more, and we can put forth through this association our grievances and difficulties to our higher officials as it is done in many associations of other departmental subordinates. Some of my co-workers have expressed the opinion that the Editor of *Gram Sevak* should be the Chairman of this association or federation. I also endorse this suggestion of my friends. We will be proud if the Editor of a magazine like *Gram Sevak* will be our guide.

Sir, I like this magazine very much, but I am sorry to say this magazine contains only a few pages. I have already once appealed to you to give more of reading pages and here again I repeat the request.*

K. M. Balakrishna,
Gram Sevak, Community Project,
Kushalnagar (N. Coorg)

Uniformity

Sir,

The Work of Community Projects and NES Blocks is going on in the various States of India under the overall guidance of the Ministry of Community Development. But the position of Gram Sevak varies from State to State. In Bombay State, a Gram Sevak has also to look after the revenue work. In Mysore, a Gram Sevak is required to be a Graduate in Agriculture. Designations also vary, for instance, Gram Sevak, V.L.W., Gaon Sathi, etc. I would humbly suggest that the Ministry of Community Development may bring about the uniformity in the position of Gram Sevaks in various States. The work, qualifications and pay scale should not differ from State to State.

Manohar Rao Allagikar,
V.L.W. (N.E.S. Block Aland),
Gulbarga (Mysore State).

Red-Tape

Sir,

I am working as a Gram Sevak for the last one year. During my stay in Kurnool Block, I made some people manure-minded. As a result of my efforts ten people put up their loan applications for manure. Thrice I met the Agricultural Demonstrator concerned. He promised that the chemical manures will be supplied soon. I gave the same reply to the villagers on my return. The manures never came. The crops have been harvested. The people have lost confidence in our promise. I, therefore, suggest that applications for manures should be disposed of immediately if we have to inspire confidence among the people. Secondly, I would request the Government to supply Gram Sevaks with improved seeds, insecticides, etc., for storage to enable them to give these to the needy ryots at proper time.

M. V. Ramana,
Village Level Worker,
Belagal Group,
NES Block, Kodumur.

On a pressing demand from our readers, we have increased from this issue, the pages of *Gram Sevak* from 16 to 24.—*Editor.*

TRAINING THE MEN FOR THE FIELD

IN ONE of the remote corners of Orissa, there is a tiny village called Gaisima. It has a population of 1,200. Like most villages of India, poverty, disease, squalor, illiteracy and superstitions are rampant here.

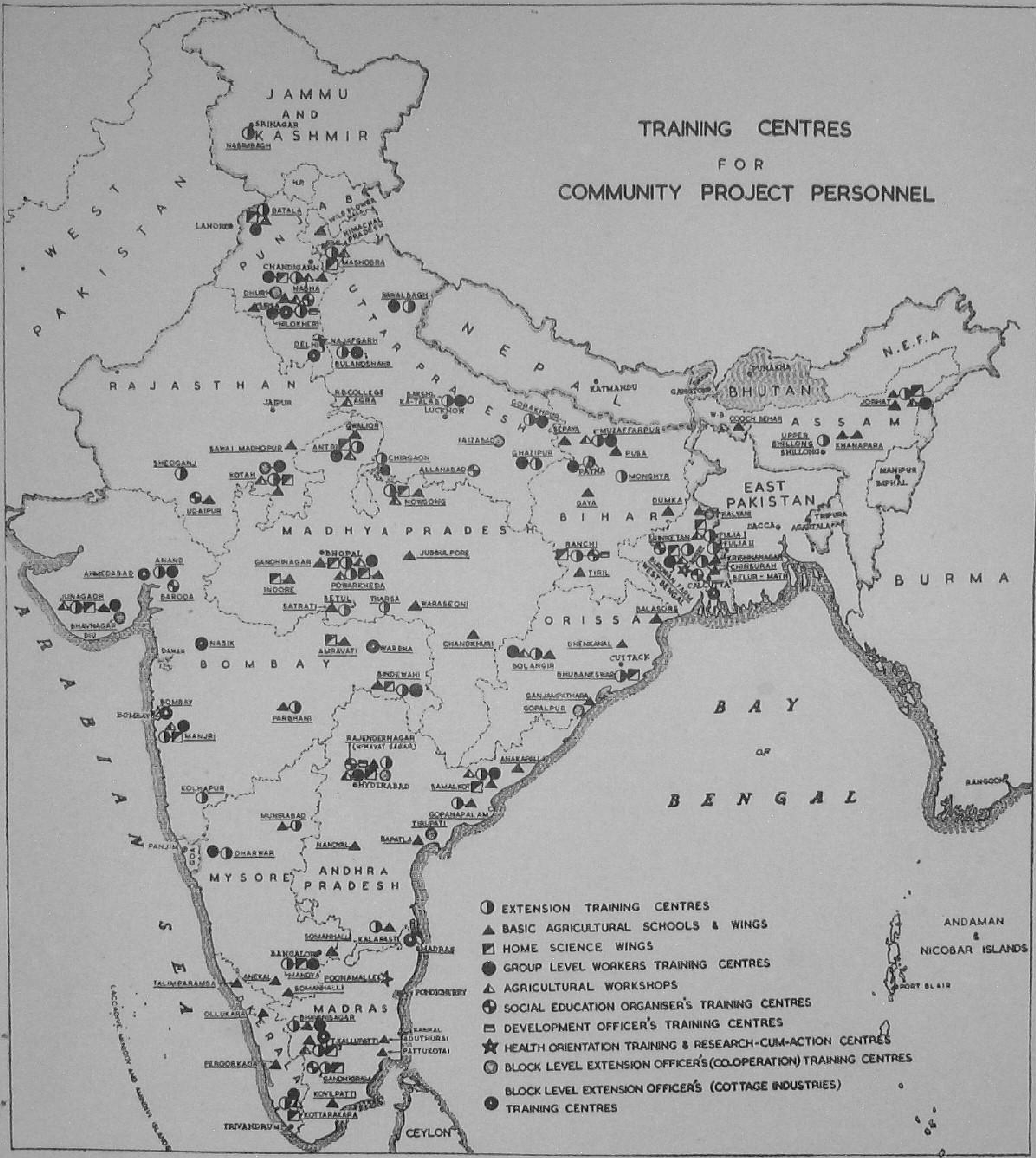
Three years ago, an energetic young man came to Gaisima. He met the leaders of the village, he met the people. He said he had come to serve the villagers, and called himself a Gram Sevak. The people did not trust him. They thought him to be an intruder in their small peaceful world. They suspected him to be another Government functionary who had come to collect secret information to enhance land revenue. They did not give him even a place to live.

But this man was made of different stuff. He did not bully the villagers. He did not abuse them. He stayed in the village temple. One day he got information that a man was running high fever. He went to his hut and gave him some medicine. The man was cured. The other day he heard that a poor farmer's bullock had injured its legs. He treated the bullock. The villagers started liking the young man. They listened to him with rapt attention.

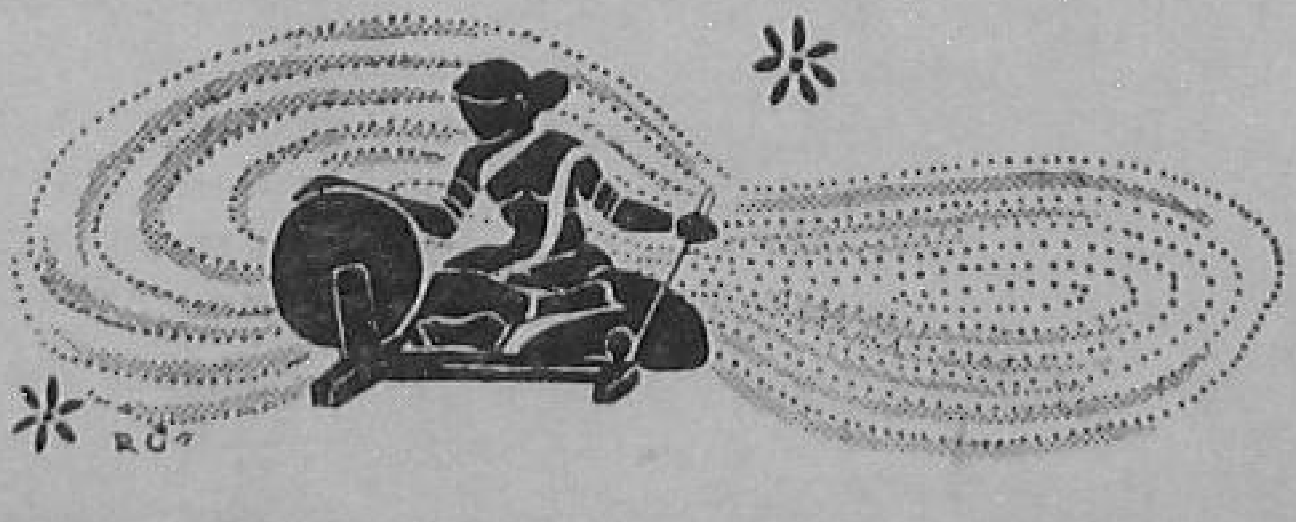
He collected the people, he told them that they must make Gaisima a place worth living. We must have a road, a school, a well, a Panchayatghar........, he continued. But how? questioned the village elders. He is a dreamer, said a few realists. No, my friends we will do it; our muscles will do it, was his pointed reply. He discussed, he appealed, he convinced. Gaisima today has a link road, a school, a well, a Panchayatghar equipped with a radio set. Gaisima is now a place worth living.

There are about 17,000 such Gram Sevaks working in the areas now under the Community Development programme. The number will increase to 50,000 in another five years when the whole of rural India will be covered by this programme. They have been trained in various Extension Training Centres shown in the map on the opposite page. Gram Sevak is a multi-purpose worker having received training in all subjects like agriculture, veterinary, cottage industries, health, sanitation, human psychology, etc. For difficult problems, he can seek the guidance of various subject-matter specialists both at the block and at the district level. Gram Sevak is not fighting his lone battle. There are others to help and guide him. The Social Education Organizer helps him in preparing the people for voluntary participation through audio-visual and other methods. He arranges melas, bhajans, kirtans, film shows, exhibitions, etc. The Block Development Officer who is the captain of the team of development workers in a block builds up and executes various programmes. They have all received extensive and intensive training in their respective training centres.

Thus we have built up a mighty army of approximately one lakh development workers. Their equipment is sound training; their weapons are love, sympathy, co-operation and understanding. The strength of this army will increase to three lakhs when the area of operation is increased to all the five lakh and fifty thousand villages of India in the next five years. (P.N.S.)


TRAINING CENTRES
FOR
COMMUNITY PROJECT PERSONNEL
JAMMU AND KASHMIR
WEST PAKISTAN
PUNJAB
UTTAR PRADESH
NEPAL
BHUTAN
N.E.F.A
ASSAM
RAJASTHAN
MADHYA PRADESH
BIHAR
EAST PAKISTAN
WEST BENGAL
ORISSA
BOMBAY
BURMA
BAY OF BENGAL
ARABIAN SEA
MYSORE
ANDHRA PRADESH
MADRAS
KERALA
CEYLON
ANDAMAN & NICOBAR ISLANDS
LACCADIVE, MINICOY AND AMINDIVI ISLANDS
EXTENSION TRAINING CENTRES
BASIC AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS & WINGS
HOME SCIENCE WINGS
GROUP LEVEL WORKERS TRAINING CENTRES
AGRICULTURAL WORKSHOPS
SOCIAL EDUCATION ORGANISER'S TRAINING CENTRES
DEVELOPMENT OFFICER'S TRAINING CENTRES
HEALTH ORIENTATION TRAINING & RESEARCH-CUM-ACTION CENTRES
BLOCK LEVEL EXTENSION OFFICER'S (CO-OPERATION) TRAINING CENTRES
BLOCK LEVEL EXTENSION OFFICER'S (COTTAGE INDUSTRIES) TRAINING CENTRES

Compost Making



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